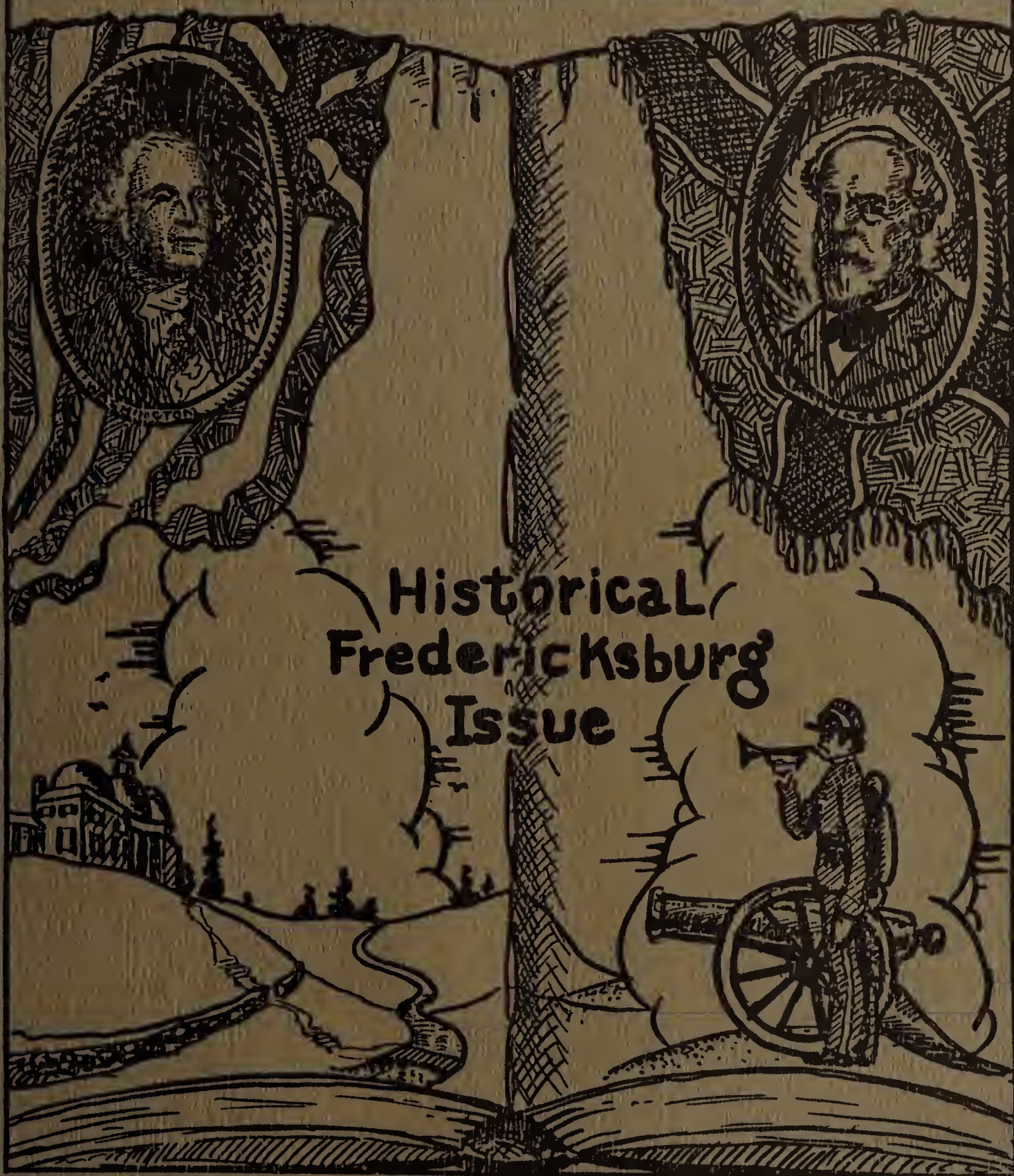


# The Missile



Petersburg High School

W. CROWDER

JANUARY, 1936





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# THE MISSILE

JANUARY, 1936



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL  
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

# THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXIV

PETERSBURG, VA., JANUARY, 1936

No. Two

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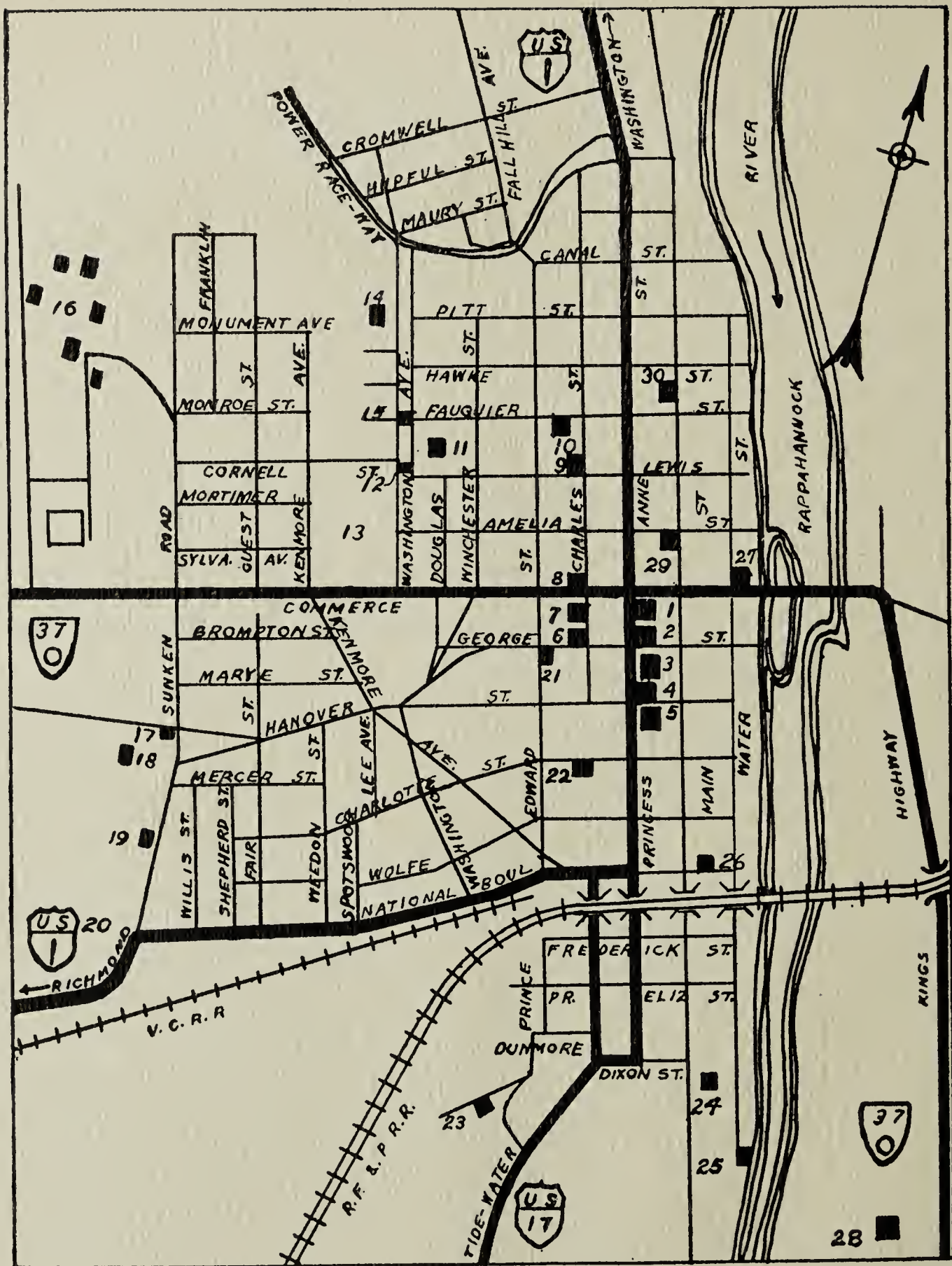
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### PLACES OF INTEREST IN FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

1. City Hall—Built 1813.
2. St. George Episcopal Church and Burying Ground—William Paul, brother of John Paul Jones; Martha Washington's father, and other prominent interments.
3. Court House—Built in 1852. Will of Mary Washington and other historical documents.
4. Masonic Lodge—Which initiated Washington, November 4, 1752.
5. Post Office.
6. Masonic Cemetery—Buried here are Lewis Littlepage and other distinguished Virginians.
7. Pres. James Monroe's Law Office.
8. Old Slave Block.
9. Home of Mary, the Mother of Washington—1775-1789.
10. Last of 13 Horse Chestnut Trees Planted by Washington.
11. Kenmore—Built 1752. Home of Col. Fielding Lewis.
12. Memorial to George Rogers Clark.
13. Confederate Cemetery.
14. Monument over grave of Mary, the mother of Washington.
15. Gen. Hugh Mercer Monument.
16. State Teachers College.
17. Marker, Battle of Fredericksburg, 1862, and famous Sunken Road.
18. Brompton—Colonial Mansion.
19. Marker for Gen. R. R. Cobb.
20. National Cemetery.
21. National Battlefield Museum.
22. Home, Matthew Fontaine Maury.
23. Gunnery Spring — Site of first Revolutionary War gunnery.
24. Sentry Box—Home of Gen. Hugh Mercer and Gen. George Weedon.
25. Site of Colonial Ferry, and of one of Burnside's pontoon bridges.
26. Home of John Paul Jones.
27. Marker for the first settlement of Fredericksburg.
28. Washington's boyhood home.
29. Hugh Mercer's Apothecary Shop.
30. Rising Sun Tavern.



# The Missile

## Fredericksburg in History

By Robert Burgess



WHEN a complete tour of Fredericksburg is made, one cannot help understanding why it has been called "The Most Historic City In America." This title is no idle boast based upon any one date in history or even upon a single period but rather upon the historical importance of Fredericksburg from pre-Revolutionary times through the War Between the States.



W. CROWDER

This fact was strongly impressed upon my mind as our party strolled along the quaint old streets and as we viewed the surrounding battlefields, for a tour of this city offers a cross-sectional study of American history.

The many shrines and monuments bring to mind the host of famous Americans connected with this city, a host of patriots representative of the period in which they lived. The shrines which commemorate these famous people tell of history in all its phases: military, social, political and industrial.

The two most highly-emphasized periods of Fredericksburg's history are the years associated with the life of George Washington and the years of the Civil War. Rightfully so, because these are the periods most visitors are interested in, but we must not overlook the other important historical events asso-



ciated with Fredericksburg. Few people realize that so many famous characters were connected with this city. To me the references to these people who are not quite so well known were more interesting. The little known incidents in the lives of these Americans added the required personal element to our study of Fredericksburg in history and removed the usual dryness found in such study. For instance, it is not generally known that the only home Paul Jones knew in America now stands in Fredericksburg, or that Matthew Fontaine Maury once lived here. (As our guide pointed out, Maury, "The Pathfinder of the Seas," is one of America's least known great men.)

On every hand we see things which recall the story of America's progress: the Rising Sun Tavern on Main Street where patriots met prior to 1775; Hugh Mercer's Apothecary Shop, another meeting place of patriots; Mary Washington's home; the James Monroe Law Office; the Slave Block from which slaves were sold and rented before the Civil War, and finally Marye's Heights surmounted by the National Cemetery. Truly Fredericksburg presents its visitors with a cross-section of American history! Where else can anyone find a more varied group of historical places and events?

Just as Fredericksburg was a center of events during the years from the Revolution to the nineteenth century, so it was a great center of events during the War Between the States. Here, largely because of its position between the two capitals, Washington and Richmond, some of the greatest battles of the war took place.

The Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania National Military Park has been laid out in such a way that visitors may understand clearly the Battle of Fredericksburg, the Chancellorsville campaign, the Battle of the Wilderness, and the Battle of Spotsylvania Court House.

Standing grouped around a large map on Marye's Heights, we were shown by our guide the disposition of troops and the plan of battle before the assault against the heights on December 13, 1862. He then vividly described the action that took place in the vain attempt of the Federal forces to storm Marye's Heights. We were told how seven major attacks launched against the sunken road at the foot of the hill all failed with incredible loss of life.

The staff was then conducted over the battlefields of the



Wilderness, Spotsylvania Court House, and Chancellorsville campaigns. All of these battles were explained to us in a very interesting manner.

The high points of this battlefield tour were the visits to the famous Bloody Angle and to the spot where the South's beloved Stonewall Jackson met his death. Standing there near the plain stone monument which marks the place where Jackson fell, I felt the appropriateness of the National Military Park surrounding it and of the newly begun Jackson Memorial Wild Flower Preserve.

When I entered Fredericksburg I was filled with wonder, and when I emerged my mind was full of familiar names: Washington, Monroe, Col. Fielding Lewis, John Paul Jones, Matthew Fontaine Maury, Lee, Jackson, and many others. Associating these names with Fredericksburg, I am thoroughly convinced that this is "America's Most Historic City."

## The Marvel

By Wade Mangum

I walked down to the sea with a heart  
 Loaded with despair  
 And stood gazing at the swirling waves  
 That rushed upon the shore.  
 The booming pound of the surf's loud beat  
 And the roar of the wind on the far-flung beach  
 Pierced my ears  
 And filled my soul with reverent awe.  
 My heart was glad with infinite joy  
 That a God who made such wonders as these  
 Should pause amid these mighty works  
 To create such a creature as I.



## Silent Is The Battlefield

By Clinton Faison

*A silent vastness shrouds the field of strife  
Where brave and loyal men for years have  
lain;*

*A steel gray mist conceals the spot where life  
Once groped for strength to take the trail  
again.*

*And now beneath this dewy sod there lie  
Perhaps some braver men than those who  
stayed.*

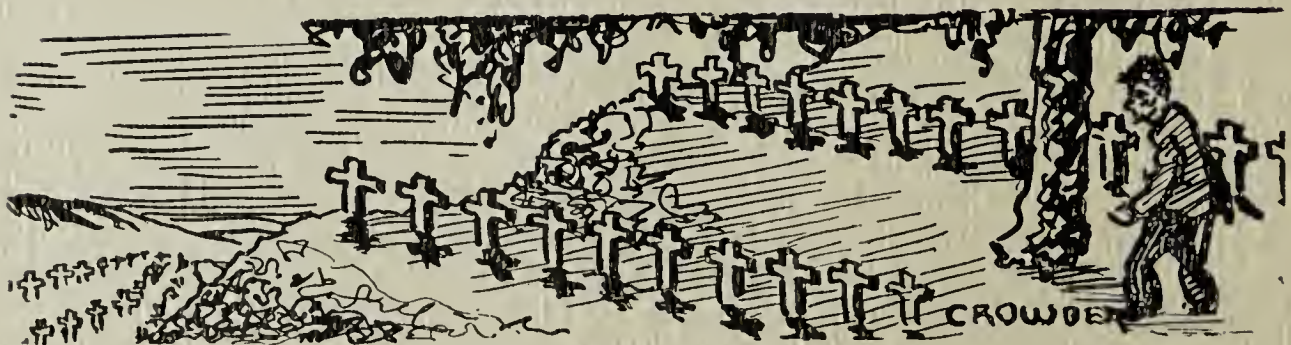
*They fought and held no fear that they would  
die,*

*Yet low in dust their bodies brave are laid.  
Availing silence keeps eternal trust*

*With those who came in arms and fought  
and fell,*

*Returning earth to earth and dust to dust,  
The useless fruit of bitter strife and hell!*

*But rest, O fallen ones. Upon your grave  
Shall fall the rain of peace . . . to you, the  
brave.*





# He Lived Too Long

By Louis Farber



R. BRYANT Woodfin-Moore was one hundred and one years old. Everyone in Fredericksburg knew it . . . . couldn't help but know it, for Mr. Moore talked a' plenty. For twenty-five years the old fellow had talked of his doings . . . . how he won that war, how he made his money, and how lucky he was . . . . that bad luck never knew a Woodfin-Moore and how he'd outlived his Bible's quota. Yes, Mr. Moore talked and he had a right to, for old man Moore was a self-made man. But Mr. Moore lived too long. He should have died the half dozen times the doctors had predicted it . . . . but no, he lived too long. It happened this way:



Back in 1779 when Mr. Moore was only seventeen and known only as "Bry" Moore he had found himself a musket and gone out into the Pennsylvania woods, where he was born, and shot Indians who were on the British payroll. One day, quite by luck, he frustrated an Indian attack by forgetting to put out a camp fire and burning down half the Pennsylvania woods, the Indians with them. In some way an official got wind of this incident and young Moore got several letters of praise, one from the commander himself. "Bry" was more surprised than Cornwallis at Yorktown when he received letters of congratulations instead of a summons for arson.

Well, quite naturally, folks started calling him "Lucky Bry" Moore, and when he came back from Philadelphia, where he had gone to see Washington inaugurated and had talked to George alone about one's duty to his country, they could have called him "Lucky Moore, the Bragger," for right then and there he got swell-headed.

Mr. Moore settled down and married and found himself a job as investigator for an iron company in Philadelphia. In 1812, however, he went out to sea and fought a war for Uncle



## "The Missile"

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Sam's Navy. Somehow or other he managed to save an admiral or cook or something and grab off a medal or two for it. Well, that war ended as all wars do sooner or later, and Mr. Moore went back to Philadelphia to live and work.

Always an enterprising gentleman, Mr. Moore found himself well established in an iron firm; times were not so bad and he made money. It was 1830 and Mr. Moore was getting quite old, sixty-eight to be exact, so the firm decided to put him out of the way in a pleasant manner. Hearing something of an iron bed down near Fredericksburg, Virginia, they sent Mr. Moore to investigate its possibilities.

Well, after weeks of careful study he decided that the possibilities were great and sent for his wife and married son. So after a year or so Mr. Moore opened the Fredericksburg branch for his firm, with himself the manager and his son his assistant. Time and tide wait for no man, and so 1855 rolled by with Mr. Moore still here and running his foundry from his home. Here he would sit and brag of his luck, or how he was the only member of the original firm left . . . and next to the son of the late president of the firm, he was boss; how much money he had gotten since he left his mountain home in Pennsylvania and how many doctors he had fooled by living, and how the Bible made mistakes sometimes too. The people of Fredericksburg liked him, however, and bore his braggadocio without outward signs of displeasure.

More money had come to Fredericksburg with Moore. For nearly thirty years he had lived there running his iron foundry, he and his son, and for most of these years the town had shared his birthday with him. On these occasions he talked about Washington and duty and fights at sea; but in 1861 when he was ninety-nine war had come again. The old man had learned to love the South, but he shook his head and said nothing.

Bryant Woodfin-Moore, Jr., (they had added the Woodfin in 1855 after becoming successful) who was somewhere around fifty years old, was worried. Of course war meant money for him if he could sell his iron. It was impossible to sell it in the North, and he was sure his father would not allow any to be sold to the South. The old man had not thought of it yet, but he soon would and . . .

But the younger Moore was no fool and when he received a contract from Richmond, he wasted no time in scrawling his precious signature thereon.



Well, even people ninety-nine years old think sometimes, and Old Moore called his son unto him and said in his high voice that he'd close the damn iron joint down before he'd see a Southern bullet made from his iron. He hadn't fought and won two wars to establish a Union so he could sell bullets to blast it into bits. No sir, close that plant . . . . blow it up!

Well, young Moore argued a little so as not to seem too agreeable and then consented to blow the plant up. Then old Moore smiled and bragged how he'd help win the third war from his chair, and he swore that even if he was almost a hundred years old he was better than any general Lincoln ever paid and if only Washington were here to help him he would finish it by next week. As it was, it would probably take him a week or two longer.

So he smiled and dreamed of winning the war while the younger Moore went out and started the foundry working full force. But Moore, Sr., asked to see the foundry blown up, so Moore, Jr. blew up a barn near the foundry before the weak eyes of his father, who returned home happy as a lark. Washington, he had done his duty.

So for the next two years iron went to Richmond while the old fellow bragged of his doings and outlived the doctor's predictions a half dozen times and argued out the war a half million times with his family and neighbors.

Then came 1863 and his one hundred and first birthday and the Federals, and when he heard of their coming he forgot his birthday in shouts of second childhood glee.

Well, the battles dragged on and still no Federals in Fredericksburg. The old boy began to worry and think about his duty. So he fixed it up with the Confederates, and under a flag of truce he crossed the Rappahannock "to see his grandson." Of course there wasn't a grandson, but the Southerners' trust in the windy old man was too great even to investigate. So over he went, with a map of the town, showing Lee's position, under his wig.

So he received the praise of the Federal commander, who pinned one of his own medals upon Moore's coat lapel, and again he went home a highly swell-headed gentleman. A man his age, who should have died long ago, saving his country . . . . greater than Washington . . . . greater than anyone! People would read of him in histories. He stroked his white whiskers and chuckled.



## "The Missile"

The next day heavy fighting started and Moore got his ducky to hitch up the wagon to take him towards Richmond away from the battle. It all happened so quickly—the firing, I mean—that they had to leave as quickly as possible . . . so quickly, in fact, that Cornwallis, the ducky, took the wrong road towards the iron foundry. Upon a high hill the ducky stopped, realizing his error in judgment and began to turn around. Old Moore from his seat gazed at the foundry down the road. Suddenly he realized the trick played on him. For three years he had provided the rebels' ammunition. His son . . . the son of whom he was so proud, had betrayed him and his country for money. Old Moore's world was crumbling at his feet. He jumped from the wagon despite his age, and started toward the foundry, when the ducky called his attention to the town below. As his eyes peered into the smoking town he saw the blue lines waver and collapse, and then he realized. The Gray had changed their positions, and the Federal general, believing in his map, had failed miserably. Down below he had trapped his own countrymen so they could be shot down with his own bullets. Mr. Bryant Woodfin-Moore saw his world collapse before his eyes. Why hadn't he died when all was well . . . when he was great? The great Mr. Bryant "Lucky" Woodfin-Moore sat upon that humble hilltop and cried. He had lived too long.





# Gardening Troubles

By Dorothy Moore



ONCE IN a great while I have a spark of energy and an earnest desire to take off a few pounds. This results in a communion with the earth worms. I advance on the foe armed with hoes, rakes, spades, and what not. I notice with alarm that in the struggle of weeds versus flowers the weeds appear to be the victors. Setting to work with great industry, I ply my hoe to the conquerors with grim resolution. But, alas, unused to such great labor, my back begins to send an SOS to my brain. I straighten up with a sigh. Why, I must be getting soft!

Having heard that grass cutting is great for the figure, I drag out the lawn mower. Strange, it seems to have increased in weight since the last time I used it. After being pushed a few feet it develops such ear-rending squeaks and clanking that I am forced to stop and go in after the oil can. After I have looked over the whole house I am informed that there isn't any.

With a set smile I depart to take up the battle again. But things begin to brighten up. There, pounding with all his might on a branch of the lilac bush sits the loveliest red-breasted woodpecker I have ever seen. This heartens me considerably, and I begin to clean up the flower beds.

It has rained the night before and the earth worms have come up for air. I have never been fond of worms, and their appearance in the flowers worries me quite a bit. I try to ignore them, but they keep popping up like a jack-in-the-box.

After I have puzzled over this problem a few minutes, I feel a gust of wind as if something has whizzed by me. I hear a great scrambling, scratching, yapping, and snarling. I look up in astonishment. There, in my prize bed of asters, is Kelly, the pup, and Maria, the cat. Smash, crash, meow! What a fight! I picked up a stick with malicious intent and start over. They see me coming and scramble away, leaving untold wreckage behind. I repair the damage the best I can and decide to quit. Gardening is too exciting for me.

## **The Builders**

By Robert Burgess

**"This is a record!" the beaming foreman shouts.**

**In these short weeks, the pouring has been done,  
The forms removed, but with them not the  
doubts.**

**Were figures true, each cubic yard and ton?  
Were calculations right for stress and strain?**

**Will weak construction and haste so reckless  
show**

**The skimping required to make financial gain?  
From standard plans 'twas built and all will  
know**

**It as another bridge, concrete and steel,  
Of limited life; no beauty here to last.**

**And, passing by, a deep desire I feel**

**Better to know the craftsmen of the past.  
I see before me visions in the sky,  
The architects of Angkor Vat, and sigh!**



# Fredericksburg Restored

By Robert Wilkerson



**FREDERICKSBURG . . . .** one of the most historic cities of the Old Dominion! Here and around about in Spotsylvania County were fought four of the major battles of the Civil War: Fredericksburg, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, and Chancellorsville.

It was here that Mary Washington, mother of George Washington, and Betty Washington Lewis, George's only sister, lived. Here also is the home of Matthew Fontaine Maury, "Pathfinder of the Seas"; the law office of James Monroe, fifth president of the United States; and the Rising Sun Tavern, where Washington and his associates used to gather.

The National Park Service and the United States Department of the Interior have done and are still doing a great deal to bring back the memories of this city's past history. One of the most important things is the keeping of the National Cemetery.

In this cemetery about 15,200 soldiers are buried, but only 200 are known. Most of these are Federal soldiers. As we approach this burial ground, we see a hill made up of about ten terraces and surrounded by a brick wall in which is a great iron gate. This visit to the cemetery was made in the late autumn of 1935, but the grass on these terraces was still very green. When we arrive at the top of the hill we see hundreds of small, white tombstones upon which are engraved the numbers designating the regiment from which the soldiers came and the number of men buried in each grave. These graves are arranged in neat rows. As we enter, our eye catches a statue of General Humphreys. Also we see a monument to the 127th Regiment of Pennsylvania's Vountary Infantry, 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, 2nd Corps commanded by Couch, and also one erect-





## "The Missile"

ed to the memory of the 5th Corps commanded by Butterfield at the time of the Battle of Fredericksburg. Many cannon muzzles that were used in the Civil War have been put here, and fir and cedar trees are growing all around. But we must hurry on to Chancellorsville.

Here a monument marks the spot where Jackson was mortally wounded by his own men. A small contact station, a sort of museum, has been erected. It contains many interesting relics, among them being a ramrod which a Confederate soldier forgot to take from his gun when he fired. This ramrod is stuck in a tree. Also there are butts of guns, cannon balls, Minnie balls, grapeshot, and canteens.

Another very interesting feature of these old grounds is the "Jackson Memorial Wild Flower Preserve." If we remember, it was in the spring of the year when Jackson was killed, the time of the year when the wild flowers are in bloom. So the National Park Service conceived the idea of gathering all wild flowers thereabouts and replanting them in this reserve. Not only is this a good memorial, but it affords excellent instruction in botany as every species of wild flower native to the region is labeled with its botanical and common name.

We are now on our way to Spotsylvania Courthouse. Here there is a restoration of the trenches. About twenty yards in front of the trenches is the abattis made by taking young trees and laying them in front of the trench with their limbs pointing toward the enemy to prevent a sudden attack. Behind this obstruction are logworks built of four logs, one upon another. There is a space between the two uppermost logs just wide enough for the soldiers to look through and put their guns through. The top log was in a position to protect the soldiers' heads. Behind these logworks is a sort of bench upon which the soldiers sat while reloading.

Now we arrive at Catherine's Furnace, a most interesting place. This furnace was used for smelting iron during the Civil War. The workers that are excavating for the ruins have run test trenches through here and have found massive bases of buildings, but they have covered them partly until weather conditions are more favorable. They have unearthed the base of a building which they feel sure is the engine house as its dimensions tally with a description sent them by a museum. It was thirty feet wide by seventy feet long. A well has also been found, but they have not dug to the bottom yet. Pieces of ma-



chines and tools, a cannon ball, a broken bayonet, a plate of a musket butt, several pigs of iron, and a plow share which they hope to prove was manufactured here have been found. The men have saved everything that they have discovered and labeled the articles as to when, where and how it was found.

Go to Fredericksburg! Forget that it is today, and follow the guide as he clearly explains nearly every move the armies made in these battles. Visit all the shrines, and see if you do not return with the same opinion that we have of this famous historical city of Virginia.

. . .

## At Fredericksburg

By John McNeill

At Fredericksburg in bygone days,  
The battlefields at which we gaze  
Were raging fierce with shot and shell.  
Here many men from both sides fell  
Their flag in victory to raise.

They gave their lives in that one blaze  
Of glory. Dimmed by morning haze,  
Their graves lie in some wooded dell  
At Fredericksburg.

They do not know how they amaze,  
Or how their countrymen still praise  
Their bravery and often tell  
How they endured that flaming hell.  
We honor both the "Blues" and "Grays"  
At Fredericksburg.

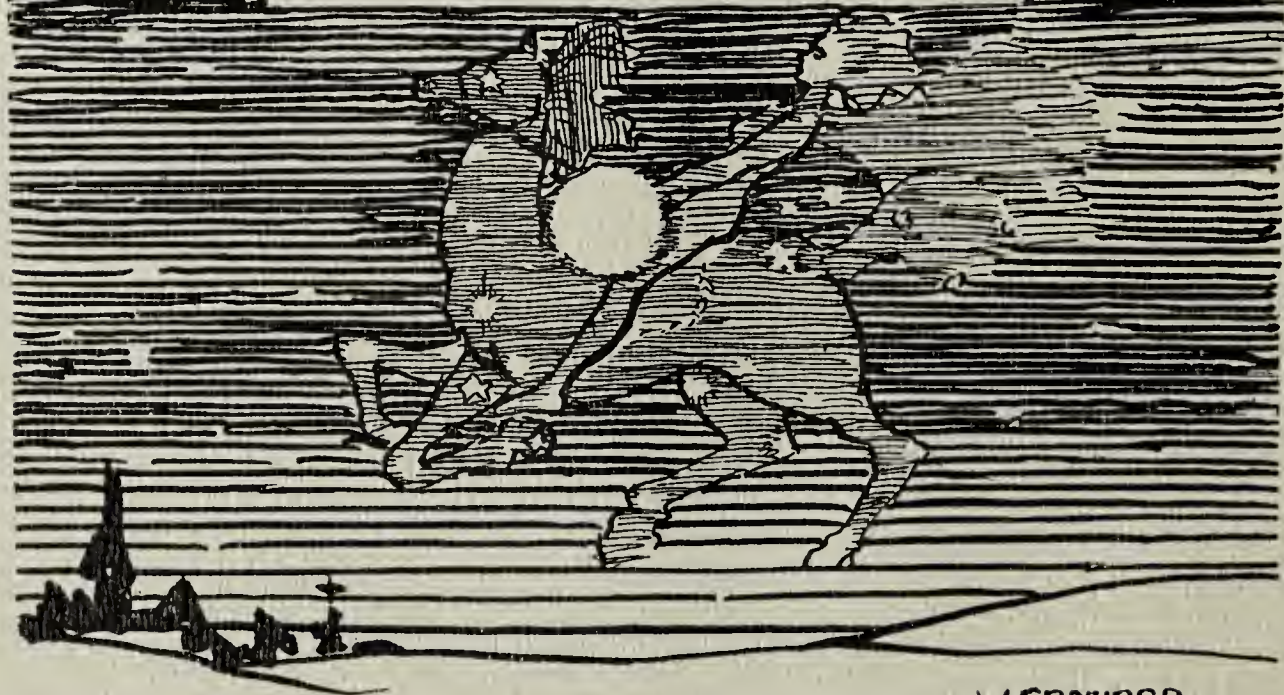


## The Night

By Louis Farber

*Sometimes night is a ghostly shadow,  
That rides on a coal black steed,  
Carrying a bag of darkness,  
Filled with the blackest seed;  
Over the land he sprinkles it,  
This seed of the blackest hue;  
I hide in fear of this shadow,  
While he is riding through.*

*Sometimes night is a Spanish beauty,  
That rides on a jeweled mare,  
Bearing a flower of happiness,  
Tucked in her jet-black hair;  
Over the land she carries it,  
This flower of lovely delight,  
And I welcome her with open arms,  
This maid—the lovely night.]*



W. CROWDER



# The Creaking Door

By Rosa Williams



T WAS a cold darkness that settled over the street as early as five-thirty on that dry winter eve. Under the elevated, which filled the narrow passage from side to side, the lamps were at three-block intervals, so that the wayfarer depended on the chance lights of the old brass shops that lined the streets to find his way.



As it happened there was little traffic in the street. Sometimes the workers from the Settlement would come down to exchange their hard earned dollars for a kettle or something they especially needed. More often the pedestrian would find himself alone on the old sidewalks.

The door of the jeweler's, a quaint shop wedged between two brass shops, opened and a boy stepped out and stood a moment to draw the collar of his coat high about his ears. He had an intelligent face, big brown eyes, and the strain of hard work was beginning to show in the clean lines of his face, even though he was only sixteen. He carried a brown bundle under his arm, and as he stepped out and saw the shadowy form of a man on the other side of the street, he placed the bundle in his pocket.

The shadow, as it appeared to the youth on the opposite side of the street, walked along at a steady pace, making faster time than appeared. He walked with his head slightly bent and seemed entirely unconscious of his surroundings, except that now and then he glanced quickly from under his lowered cap.

Jack Davis, touching his bundle to make sure he had put it securely in his pocket, turned and stepped out briskly. As he passed the lighted windows his trained eyes took in the more graceful outlines of the fine chasing of the burnished metal. Presently his imagination soared away beyond the darkened streets and lighted windows to beauty invisible, which flashed dazzlingly before his fancy as he walked briskly on.



## "The Missile"

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Tonight, after four years of hard apprenticeship, he had been trusted to fashion for a priceless jewel a setting of his own design. The boy had talent. He knew his work, and loved it. And when he had done his work to the satisfaction of his Uncle Joseph, he had been told to take the old jewel and to make a setting of his own design for it. Uncle Joseph explained to him how this would require accuracy and, indeed, how valuable the jewel was to him. He knew that Jack could be trusted, for he had watched and worked with him, striving to teach him the business now that he was getting old so that Jack might carry it on after his death. When Jack had been given the job he could hardly believe his luck. He turned the jewel over and over in his hand. Uncle Joseph then had said, "Take this, my boy, and keep it. Take it home and put it in the safe. Build a set for it. You have learned your trade and are worthy of doing this."

The long walk brought Jack to a row of dingy tenement houses, where he shared Uncle Joseph's humble rooms. In the many years that he had lived here with his uncle, he did not remember when he had spent an evening within its doors. More often than not their work kept them in the shop until a late hour, and he and his uncle usually snatched a bite of supper in the back room, going home only to sleep. Still thinking of the wonderful thing that he had been trusted to do, he was mounting the steps when a shuffling noise brought him to swift consciousness. Less than twenty paces behind him was the man he had noticed outside his uncle's shop. He had followed Jack all the way.

Jack opened the door with swift caution. Once inside, he ran at top speed, taking the steps three at a time so that, should the man try to follow him, he would be out of sight and in his room. In his own room he bolted the door before turning on the lights. He made a quick survey of their two rooms.

Uncle Joseph, a very old man, had distrusted banks all his life. With his own hands he had fashioned a wall safe, taking a day off to install it. The safe was locked, and he always kept the key, but tonight he had trusted it with Jack.

He found everything in order. Sitting down at the table in the workroom, he took the jewel from his pocket, made the measurements, placed the jewel in the safe, and started to work on the frame. He worked on carefully, but then suddenly the man who had followed him entered his mind and he couldn't for-



get him. He got up and tried all of the doors, but all was well, so he went back to work.

For an hour or more he worked on; then suddenly the creaking of the door behind him brought him a sudden terror. He jumped up to assure himself that it was not his imagination. Behind him the door that joined the intervening room stood open.

Jack was on his feet, his hammer in his hand. His whole body grew numb with fright. Who stood behind that door? Whose hand had turned its handle? He called over and over, asking in a trembling voice who was there . . . but there was silence, no one answered.

To walk forward into the light was foolish. Whoever stood on the other side of the door was in darkness. With one powerful kick he sent the stool which he had been sitting on hurtling against the door, throwing it open. He threw the light into the next room. It was empty. He again tested the main doors to make sure they were locked, and again he went back to his work. Soon again he heard the door creak behind him. He was on his feet again, but the room was empty! Finally he could work no longer. He knew that it wasn't his imagination; yet whenever he started to work, the door would creak just as if someone had opened it. But each time he could find nothing. He sat down with his head on the desk, listening. If only his uncle would come!

Then he was sure he heard someone open the front door. He listened. It was his uncle. He knew the footsteps by heart! He bounded from his seat and flew to meet them. He flung the door open to greet his uncle, but his uncle's back was turned, and he was talking to a stranger.

"Who is that man, Uncle Joseph?" he asked when they were once again alone.

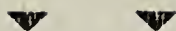
"Jenkinson . . . Why, haven't you met him?" asked the old man.

"No, I have never seen him before tonight," and then Jack related the walk home and how the man had followed him.

"Followed you!" exclaimed Uncle Joseph. "Why he lives upstairs!"

Uncle Joseph knew that this was not all that had frightened Jack, for while Jack had been describing the walk home, he had glanced a number of times toward the door. He asked Jack

## "The Missile"



what was wrong, and Jack, hesitating, told him about the creaking door.

Uncle Joseph sat down all at once and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. Jack couldn't understand this. Here he had been scared almost to death, and Uncle Joseph was laughing over it.

Finally Uncle Joseph stopped laughing long enough to say, "Son, haven't you ever noticed that door before? The subway trains cause it to creak each time they pass back and forth. When they built the subway under the street it unsettled the houses along the street. And this door has always creaked ever since."

Jack felt suddenly relieved and laughed with his uncle over this thing which now seemed so foolish.

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## Parting

By Brooks C. Young

As I turn my back to the booming sea,  
A thought within calls out to me;  
It seems to say come back once more,  
And stand again on this snow-white shore,  
For a year shall pass before you'll see  
Again the gulls and the beating sea;  
And as I stop I'm forced to return  
And look once more at the swooping tern,  
For parting from the foam-flecked sea  
Is indeed a task for one like me.



# A Horseback Ride

By Dolly Deffenbaugh



THE GREATEST thrill I have ever had took place while on a horse.

Last summer a couple of friends of mine invited me to accompany them on a trip to Skyland, Virginia. After having dinner in Culpepper we drove over to Panorama, taking the Skyline Drive from there; then about half-way over the Drive we turned off for Skyland. As it was quite late all the guests were asleep in their cabins, and it was rather dark and lonesome looking except for one light burning in the main office. We obtained the key to our cabin, carried in our bags and rushed for the huge fire. Being completely warmed and tired out, we retired to our rooms for a good night's sleep. Before going to bed, however, I looked out of my window and could see millions of little specks of lights which marked the town of Luray, Virginia, way down the in the valley.

Bright and early the next morning we were awakened by someone blowing on a hunter's horn. Dressing quickly and warmly, as it was quite cold, we hurried over to the spacious rustic dining hall. Completing our huge breakfast (the mountains really give you an appetite), we went out to inspect the horses which were ours for the day. Placing our lunches in saddle bags and receiving our final instructions, we set out to conquer the mountains.

At first the trails kept winding back and forth through the trees and bushes, and before we realized what had happened we were on top of one of the smaller peaks. Getting off our horses, we crawled slowly over the rocks in order to look over and see far below. It seemed to me that that was thrill enough, and when my friend informed me we were taking more thrilling trails I could hardly believe her. Mounting our horses again, we passed back through Skyland on the way to the highest peak, "Bald Eagle."

Taking one hair-pin turn after another, looking out for rattlesnakes, riding along on a trail barely wide enough for two horses to pass side by side, and looking almost straight down a couple of thousand feet kept my heart in my throat, and I was certainly relieved when we reached a trail with woods on both sides.

I remember one turn especially, which was, I think, the

## "The Missile"

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greatest thrill of all to ride. After going around a curve I was sure both the horse and I couldn't make, we came to the worst hair-pin turn on the entire trail. In order to get around the curve the horse had to bend almost double, which again sent my heart quickly rising to my throat as I looked down three thousand feet. I tried to close my eyes and pray that we would make it safely, but I was too fascinated! My eyes wouldn't close! My heart kept coming up, and if we hadn't reached a wider place when we did I believe it would have jumped right out of my mouth!

Riding on we came to a sign pointing east, stating : "Spring, half a mile." Deciding that this was a good place to have lunch, we unpacked, ate, and feeling much better, continued our ride to the top of "Bald Eagle." Dismounting, we tied our horses to the most beautiful fir trees I have ever seen, and looked over all the country far below and tried to find Skyland. We could hardly realize we were over four thousand feet above the sea! On our return trip we saw a crowd of mountaineers. Wishing to hear them speak we asked them the nearest way to Skyland. Thanking them for the information we could hardly understand, we rode on, and among other things passed a small tent with all the necessary camping equipment. After returning to Skyland we were told it was an outfit belonging to one of the men who were walking from Maine to Florida over the famous Appalachian Trail.

After resting a while at Skyland, we secured a guide and set out in the car to see the waterfall of which we had heard much talk. Riding over a bumpy mountain road in a car wasn't much fun, but when the falls came into view we weren't at all disappointed. There is a large swimming pool (with the coldest water I ever felt) at the top of the falls. Walking down to a huge rock, we could look back and see the waterfalls pouring down their mighty waters into the gushing stream beside us.

I decided that night as we wearily crawled into bed that I had never had as many thrills in all my life as I had had that one day, riding horseback over all those trails. I know I will go back to Skyland someday and ride over many more trails.



# Kenmore

By Louis Farber



HERE certainly was nothing to get excited over. I was going to Kenmore, which according to recent information was the home of a Colonel Fielding Lewis, whose name was slightly familiar but of whose deeds I could never tell, for never had I heard of them. At odd times in my life I had heard Kenmore mentioned, but never did I gather enough interest or curiosity to question Kenmore's identity. Perhaps two weeks previous to my visit there, I learned that Kenmore was a house, and that Colonel Lewis built it in 1752 for Betty Washington, George's sister and the Colonel's wife. Here they dwelt through the trying days of the Revolution.



That I knew and nothing more, so I stepped from the car expecting to see an old tumble down shack all propped up with a big sign pasted on the front door proclaiming to all the world that here once dwelt Colonel Lewis and Betty Washington.

How different Kenmore really is. I gaped when I saw the neat red bricks and white shutters of a stately house sitting back in the cool green lawn.

"It must be even prettier inside," I thought now.

The moment I saw the round cannon ball half buried in the front brick wall of Kenmore I realized there here was history and that what I should see beyond that massive front door, white as snow, with its huge golden lock, would live forever in my mind. I sensed greatness, I expected beauty, I was sure of history and I found them all, but never could I have imagined so much history, half the greatness, nor any of the beauty.

As a magnet attracts iron, so the big clock in the hallway pulled me to it the instant I stepped inside. I watched it tick a minute by with all the dignity that it used for George himself.

## "The Missile"

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This very clock had told George the time of day. I had no right to stand before it and expect the same. I left.

Quickly I forgot the clock in the extraordinary beauty of the ceiling in the room to the left of the hallway. The intricate hand carvings, which were done by a Frenchman that George brought there . . . . the one who did most of the artistic work at Mount Vernon . . . . are beyond the reach of one's imagination. Centered in this maze of beauty is carved the head of Louis XIV of France. Up to that moment it was undoubtedly the prettiest ceiling I ever gazed upon. But promise was given of lovelier ones by the guide, which seemed impossible, but I waited patiently.

Then some antique tea sets came up for discussion, and caring little for any kind of tea I drifted away from the guide and walked up to an oil painting of the Colonel upon the wall. I smiled, I hope reverently, at the cross-eyed gentleman with the double chin.

Mention of George's traveling kit caused me to hurry over to the guide to catch a glimpse of "his own fork and knife." Then over to the windows we went to see its lookout shutters which contained a loop-hole through which the family musket was fired at unwelcome visitors.

From the windows we went to the hall, past the stately clock and into the Great Room. My eyes sought the ceiling, and there they stayed to marvel at its architectural loveliness. This one is perhaps the most beautiful in the world, I am informed by my guide, and no one doubts her word but instead nods his head in agreement. A word from the guide causes me to lower my eyes, and they rest on an ivory plaque above the artistic and somewhat modernistically lined mantel. Carved on this plaque is the fable of the fox and the crow, said to have been planned by George and done by Hessian soldiers. Its purpose, goes the legend, was to warn Colonel Lewis to beware of flattery. Suddenly I remembered that while gazing at the ceiling there had been something that I halfway noticed. Looking upward, I realized it was the crystal drops of glass which made up a chandelier that hung from the center of the room. I had never imagined glass could be so beautiful.

"The floor," says the guide, "is not original. Blood from the wounds of Northern soldiers during the Civil War stained it. This room was a hospital."



The next room to the Great Room is the library. This time not the ceiling but the floor caught my eye, for there lay spread a hand-woven rug of intense beauty. No one was allowed to tread on its red color design nor on any other part. But the guide points out objects and with each spins a yarn, and I gaze at the piano in the spinnet case and old books as we leave the library for the parlor-bedroom.

Here are letters on the wall written by such great men as Washington, Cornwallis, Lafayette, etc. Here also the Fielding coat of arms with a red hand the most noticeable feature of it. Legend states that a Lewis ancestor raced against some fellow citizen across the waters to some country's coast, the winner to become king. The Lewis ancestor finding himself hopelessly beaten cut off one of his hands and hurled it on the beach, thereby winning the race and the kingship.

From this room my guide led me up the staircase, with its lotus flower carvings which represent sleep, through the hallway with its multi-colored quilt in a glass frame to the Guest Room. In this room Lafayette slept. I looked out of the window on the dark green shrubbery below in deep thought just as Lafayette may have done in a serious mood.

Across from this room was the Boys' Room. Here the hand-made toys are easily the center of interest, and my time is spent gazing longingly at these little instruments of pleasure.

Time was getting short, so we hustled to get a glimpse of Betty's own bedroom and her original bed. Returning from the surrender of Yorktown, George Washington stopped at Kenmore and, finding the Lewises away, fell asleep on this bed and slept thirty-six hours.

In this room also is a trunk lined with newspapers carrying speeches made by Washington. I stooped and read a bit, then hastened to catch the party in the room which Mary Washington used when she visited the Lewises. A chest-on-chest, round-about chair, gout couch and trundle bed require inspection before one leaves this room.

We prepare to go downstairs when the guide mentions an attic. So to the attic we must go, and there we went and saw the long canoe-like boat which was too large to get out of the attic when it was built; so there it remained. After inspecting the boat from bow to stern and back again we took our way down the narrow twisting attic steps to the second floor and

## "The Missile" ▼ ▼

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thence downstairs past the old clock through the Great Room and out into the backyard and over to the kitchen. Here we marveled at the fireplace and pots and pans and wished for an invitation to the afternoon tea given each Saturday.

As I walked slowly around the side of the mansion towards the front and down the lane towards my car, I silently nodded farewell to the home that I once thought was just a house.



## The Life of an Apple Tree

By Virginia Palmer

In the spring of the year the tall apple tree  
Is bedecked in its beauty, quite lovely to see  
Like a young girl as youthful, so frail, and so gay;  
It's a joy to behold, but let's be on our way.

Now the summer of life finds this very same tree  
Like a young matron, still lovely to see  
But its freshness is fading, its blossoms are gone,  
Yet we still are reminded that time passes on.

Soon we find that the winter winds blow strong  
and cold,  
And the sturdy old apple tree's grown gnarled  
and old  
Like a feeble old woman so bent and so gray  
Whose gay youth and beauty have faded away.



# Life's Like That

By Jean Owens



SITUATED in a remote corner of Georgia is one of the few remaining beautifully aged, venerable Southern mansions. The proud family who once lived there has degenerated until the one respectable representative is a lawyer who has hung out his shingle in the hated "Nawth," and has a hard time maintaining one ancient negro retainer on the estate. So Ol' Joshua and the partially dilapidated house keep each other alive. He was christened Joshua George Lee Paul Jones, but by the time his mammy had said his full name as was her custom when addressing him, she had not breath enough to tell him what she wanted; consequently the name was shortened. Since the present owner cannot afford the necessary equipment for extensive agriculture, Ol' Joshua has only to feed himself by cultivating a small plot of rich ground.



A natural born story-teller, he supplies the whole neighborhood with superstitious legends of the past and anecdotes of nature. Few tourists pass through that region, which was once famed for the large number of travelers. However, those who do happen to spend a night at the Andrews Mansion are entertained royally by the decrepit negro.

On one occasion a salesman had lost his way and was obliged to spend the night in the Southern house. A little dubious about staying with the negro in an unknown house, Mr. Daniels was surprised and delighted at the old-fashioned hospitality and geniality of the man. That night after supper, or rather, a bountiful repast, Ol' Joshua related this story to his guest:

"Onct th' was a fox whut hed built hissself a house in de woods. Co'se ev'abody hed watched 'im an' all of dem wanted lib dere wid 'im, but he didn't lak none o' dem, so he lived all by hissself fo' 'while. Den, come Saddy and along com Brer

## "The Missile"

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B'ar to ast could he lib wid Brer Fox. Now Brer Fox's pappy hed owed money to some b'ar an' he kinda thought it were this yere one. An' the fox thought he better let Brer B'ar lib wid 'im jest in case. Well, dey libbed together fo' long time, and de b'ar, he got to shootin' crap an' bettin' 'til he owed money eva' where. So yo' all know whut dat rascal done? He borrow money on Brer Fox's purty lil' house fo' to pay his bills. Co'se he didn' feel bery good 'bout dat; den Brer Fox fin' it out de nex' time he went to town. He sho' was awful mad, but 'fraid to kick de ba'r out caize de b'ar bigger'n him. So he made a bargain wid de ba'r if ever de fox were in trouble de b'ar would he'p him out.

"One day de fox was comin' back from seein' his gal, an' a pack o' dogs chased him. De fox, he run home so fast he was inside de door befo' de dogs could see through de dust he'd made. Den he persuaded Brer Ba'r to go out de back way an' lead de dogs bffen his scent.

"De fox says, 'Does yo' do dat fo' me an' I fo'get 'bout de money an' be yo' sho' nuff frien'. So de b'ar he got de dogs offen de scent. When he com' back, he was bruised 'n sick, so de fox tak' keer o' 'im 'til he get well. Den dey lib together happy fo' a long time.

"Yo' see, suh, how evaithin' work fo' de best. Did de fox turn de b'ar out when he git de money on de home, he bin shut up in dat house to dis minute."

After a pleasant night's sleep Mr. Daniels started out on the right road. The way was deserted, and driving became monotonous until he began thinking about the story the quaint old colored man had narrated. Suddenly he saw on the side of the road a dog, whining pitifully. His sympathy aroused, he stopped the car to look at the injured dog. A car had hit it, probably, and had broken its leg. Mr. Daniels placed the dog very gently on the front seat and continued driving. About three miles farther on he picked up a pitiable, wretched looking hitch-hiker. Then, lapsing again into a pleasant state of day-dreaming, he was abruptly aroused by violent barking of the dog. Turning, he saw the tramp drop, shame-facedly, the wrench he grasped. Mr. Daniels dumped the hobo unceremoniously on the road and took the dog to a veterinarian.

Said Mr. Daniels: "Ol' Joshua certainly was right when he said that everything worked out for the best."



## Night Sounds

By Ruth Clark

In my reading I pause and hark to the sounds  
Which come to my ears tonight.  
The howling, prowling wind now pounds  
On the door with all her might,  
Like a witch as she makes her nightly  
    rounds,  
And leaves me to shudder with fright.

I hear the cry of a lonesome dog  
As it comes from across the moor,  
The crackle of ice on the old oak log  
Which lies outside by the door,  
The booming sound from over the bog—  
The falls with its deafening roar.

And such are the sounds which come to  
    my ears,  
Through the cold and bitter air.  
The creaking doors fill me with fears,  
The drumming falls, despair;  
But I see by the stars, with my eyes  
    full of tears,  
That tomorrow will be fair.



## The Moon

By Mary Frances Gee

*The moon is like a silver boat  
That floats up in the sky ;  
It gathers gold from treasure isles  
And at harbor comes to lie.*

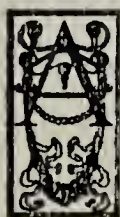
*It moves across a tranquil sea  
And quickly fades from sight  
Beset by pirates of the morn  
For its treasures of the night.*

W. CROWDER



# National Nuisances

By Walter Drewry



BAD DOG certainly belongs to the class of "National Nuisances." George McManus must have forgotten this pest while drawing his cartoons on this interesting subject of pests. Since Mr. McManus has completed this series, I shall endeavor to prove to you that the case of the bad dog should not have been omitted.

First, my friends, we shall deal with a barking dog. Although the dog may not be a vicious brute, he cannot be excluded from this series. Perhaps, my friends, you have never experienced an incident similar to the one I am about to relate. Although this canto may seem quite amusing to you, I assure you that it was rather a serious matter.

One day I was riding down the street on my bicycle, humming a tune, and feeling quite gay until a big bulldog came slowly toward me. As soon as I saw him I knew there was going to be trouble. He darted toward me at full speed, barking and growling as he came. My hair stood up straight on my head. I had to think quickly.

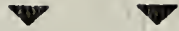
My first thought was to pedal as fast as I could, but the dog was the faster and kept straight on my trail, snapping and barking at my heels. I could see that this pedaling was useless as well as dangerous, and so I decided to throw my legs against the handlebars in order to escape the sharp teeth of this brute. This plan failed miserably, simply because I lost control of the wheel and fell backwards into a hedge.

I sat there for some time rubbing my head and feeling quite silly. I had escaped being bitten, but I doubted if I should ever be assembled in one piece again. That dog was my Public Enemy from then on. I never went that way again without the protection of some weapon.

Another time I was asked to carry a package to a certain address. When I reached the house I noticed that a four-foot picket fence enclosed the yard. I walked up to the gate, opened it, and stepped inside. I took a few steps forward and stopped dead still. Before me was one of the largest hounds I have ever seen. He lay there like a great jungle cat ready for the kill.

A man standing on the front porch in an assuring voice told me to come on. Dubious, I took two more steps. That was all

## "The Missile"



that the hound wanted. He sprang at me with a roar, but I had a head start. I made the hundred yard dash in nine seconds flat and broke the high-jump record by three feet. Don't laugh, please. You would have done the same thing in this case. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I hope that I have proved that the greatest of all "National Nuisances" is a vicious, unfriendly, barking dog.



## The Battle

By Jack Palmer

Around old Fredericksburg in sixty-two,  
Swarmed the fearless armies of blue and gray,  
Awaiting, watching fearlessly something new,  
Deadfully new to them as watching they lay  
In mud, half starved, too weak to care, half dead,  
Fighting strongly for their homes, their land,  
Felled by whining shell and flying lead.

A new attack, the guns were freshly manned,  
Charge and counter charge, the range was found  
And men lay shot to death with faces drawn;  
Shells were bursting, knocking men to the ground,  
Men weak, men dead lay strewn on the field at  
dawn.

But Fredericksburg sleeps quietly on and still  
Is sleeping in its memories of that drill.



# Important Buildings of Fredericksburg

By Louise Miller

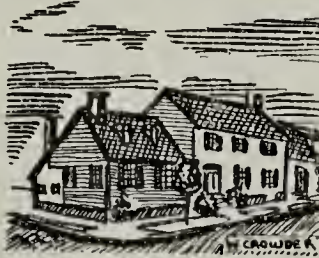


OME OF the principal buildings of Fredericksburg are the home of Mary Washington, the James Monroe Law Office, Matthew Fontaine Maury's Home, John Paul Jones' Home, Brompton, Rising Sun Tavern, and Mercer's Apothecary Shop. There are many others also, but these are the most important.

## HOME OF MARY WASHINGTON

As we approach this little house, we would not think that this was once the home of Mary Washington. It is simply a one and one-half story frame house with no porch at all, but as we draw nearer we can see that the architecture is typical of that period. There is a little brass knocker on the front door which looks as if it were just waiting to be lifted, and as I am wondering what is beyond that door, I do not hesitate to knock.

There is a quick respondent who invites us in. She is lighted to show us very willing to follow the living room in which Mary Washington entertained her many guests. In this room are many pieces of old furniture which collectors view with envy.



We then cross the hall and come to the bedroom of Mary Washington. Here in one corner is the four-poster bed on which she died, and almost opposite is her secretary which contains Betty Washington's prayer book and a piece of George's waistcoat. To me this seems the most sacred room in the house, for it was here that Washington said goodbye to his mother for the last time. On the second floor is the guest room, which Mary always kept ready for her son's visits. After going through these rooms, I feel as if I had personally known Mary and her son.

## JAMES MONROE LAW OFFICE

This house is similar to that of Mary Washington's home in that it has no front porch, as it is level with the street. It is

constructed of brick and is only one story high. We enter and are met by the custodian. We are taken first into one of the two rooms which contain the first furniture ever used in the present White House. In this room are many personal possessions of Monroe and his wife, which are very odd to us now. For instance, there are Monroe's lace collar and jabot and the snuff box which no real gentleman of today would think of carrying. But let us follow our guide into the next room. Here is the desk on which Monroe wrote the famous "Monroe Doctrine." There is a secret compartment in which many papers were found after Monroe's death. Behind this office is a little old-fashioned garden in the midst of which is a very old, gnarled tree. I am sure that this garden must be very lovely in spring and summer.



### THE RISING SUN TAVERN

This unpretentious frame building was quite a social center during Pre-Revolutionary days. Here Thomas Jefferson, George Mason, James Monroe, Richard Henry Lee, Hugh Mercer, and many others met to discuss the affairs of the day and to talk politics. Indeed the three dormer windows overlooking Main Street must have eavesdropped upon many heated conversations held by patriots grouped upon the small front porch and clustered together along the sidewalks in the cool of evening. Within the walls of this old hostelry the Public School System and the Bill for Religious Freedom were born.



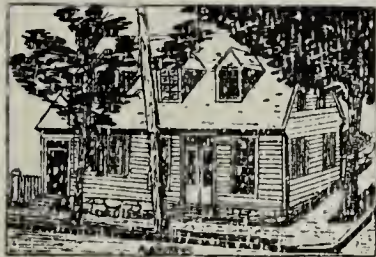
### HOME OF JOHN PAUL JONES

While viewing historic buildings of all types, our attention was called to the fact that a very large percentage of the older buildings faced directly upon the street, having no lawn, hedge or fence, only a step or two and sometimes a short balustrade. Many of Fredericksburg's historic buildings are of this type which we now call the "Baltimore row" type of architecture. The home of John Paul Jones and his brother William Paul is such a house. William Paul operated a tailor shop there, and John Paul Jones lived there after he came over from Scotland, this being the only home he ever had in America.



### HUGH MERCER'S APOTHECARY SHOP

At the intersections of Main and Amelia Streets is found a Pre-Revolutionary "corner drug store" which an ancient shingle suspended over the sidewalk shows to be Dr. Hugh Mercer's

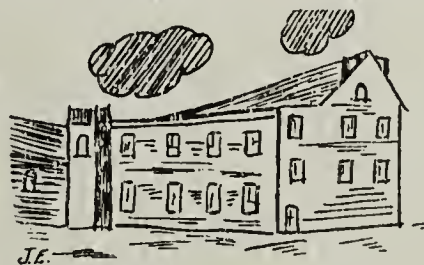


Apothecary Shop, 1761-1775. This yellow wooden building is completely outfitted with the type of equipment used by the original proprietor. It is literally filled with flasks, retorts, scales, vials, and all the other appointments of the eighteenth century pharmacist's art.

This small shop is of far greater historical value than being just a typical early American apothecary shop, however, for here it is said George Washington spent many of his leisure hours while visiting in Fredericksburg. This shop was another famous rendezvous of patriots prior to the Revolution.

### THE MASONIC LODGE

Although not the original building in which Washington was initiated into the Masonic Fraternity, its ancient bricks and pointed roof breathe an atmosphere of history. Built on a slight hill, from the front it appears to have three floors, but from the upper side only two floors appear above the ground. Extremely close stand two chimneys on the high roof looking down onto the hilly street below. Although time did not permit our entrance, something of its ancient outside suggested an inside of great historical interest, both in history and architecture.



Besides Washington, Fielding Lewis, Hugh Mercer, John Paul Jones and other famous men were members of the lodge. Here also, Lafayette was made a Mason when he visited Fredericksburg in 1824.

### HOME OF MAURY

Matthew Fontaine Maury, "The Pathfinder of the Seas," did much work here while temporarily retired from work in the Navy. The house was the birthplace of the Naval Observatory and the Weather Bureau.

## FERRY FARM, BOYHOOD HOME OF WASHINGTON

Standing high upon a hill overlooking the Rappahannock River is this weatherbeaten shack where Washington spent his early life. Here he cut down the cherry tree and threw his silver dollar across the river. Pictured is the standing, his survey two rustic posterns hangs, serving both as porch roof. An iron window on one side appears to adorn the plain front along with the ancient door. This building, perhaps better than any in Fredericksburg, shows the method of Colonial living and Colonial architecture on farms.



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## BROMPTON



This lovely home is a true example of all Colonial architecture with its white pillared porch. It was built by John L. Marye after whom Marye's Heights are named.



# The Prophecy

By Robert Burgess



HOW DISTINCTIVE Mrs. Richards remembered that fateful night of six years ago! She had thought no harm would come of it, and so she had allowed that wandering band of gypsies to camp at the edge of their wood lot. Sitting alone by the feeble light of a flickering fire, she thought once again of the events of that night which seemed so long past.



"Norman," she had said to her husband, "let's take the child down to see the gypsies to-night. You know how he likes their singing and dancing, and they are such a likable lot, too."

And so on that cool summer night the Richards family visited the wanderers who were camping on their land. Mr. Richards talked with the leader of the band of rovers while his son romped through the camp and his wife chatted with a gypsy woman about the difficulties of out-of-door housekeeping. Gradually their conversation turned toward the subjects of black art and fortune telling. After a long discussion, the dark-skinned woman offered to tell the small boy's fortune.

The boy, James, was thoroughly fascinated by this new experience. He and the fortune teller sat crouched over his open palm. The small hand underwent a close scrutiny, and then patting the boy on his shoulder, the woman said smilingly, "You will be a great man, sonny." James grinned at his mother and ran off to tell his gypsy playmates. When he had gone, the fortune teller turned towards Mrs. Richards, and with a straight look she said, "His palm says he will be buried in a soldier's grave."

During those past six years the Richards' small farm on the edge of the Wilderness had grown and prospered. The number of tilled acres had increased steadily, and it was necessary to buy a number of slaves to help with the crops. But, oh, how

quickly and completely all of this was changed! The war had broken out; the entire balance of life was altered.

Norman Richards rushed off to battle at the first call for troops, leaving his farm in the hands of his youthful son, his wife, and a few loyal slaves.

Soon the ever-expected news arrived: "Private Richards among those missing after the Battle of Antietam."

Mrs. Richards resolved that her son would not be drawn into this bloody mess. The prophecy of that gypsy fortune teller began to haunt her constantly. She was determined that what had been foretold must not come true. How could her son be buried a soldier if he did not join the ranks of the Confederates? After hearing the story of the father's sacrifice, the recruiting officers had granted James permission to remain at home and care for his mother.

The tide of battle had swung around this section of Virginia several times during the war, and now in May, 1864, it again became the scene of heavy fighting. Mrs. Richards had heard of General Lee's plan to stop Grant's advancing columns in the heart of the Wilderness, and she was warned of the possible danger but steadfastly refused to leave the homestead.

At eight o'clock on the morning of May 5th the first fighting began on the Orange Turnpike. The Federals under Warren were forced by Ewell to withdraw and entrench. Moving eastward along the Orange Plank Road, Hill was engaged by Getty at the intersection of the Brock Road. Getty was reinforced by Hancock, and a general attack began at two o'clock in the afternoon, to end at nightfall.

At dawn on May sixth the Federals began an attack along a five mile front. The fighting was of a type never before experienced by either the Blue or the Gray. Struggling through almost impenetrable woodlands, the far-flung forces became scattered, and the battle broke up into numberless hand-to-hand engagements. Back and forth they fought throughout the day, first advancing, then retreating.

Back at the Richards' farm, young James Richards tried in vain to comfort his frightened mother. They had waited too late. Their small farm was almost entirely surrounded by the raging conflict. There seemed to be no way of escape. Tighter and tighter the encircling forces drew about their cleared lands. In fact, this clearing was one of the objectives of the skirmish-



ers. Here away from the tangled thickets, a stand could be made, and their artillery, now practically useless, could be brought into action.

James was certain that there must be some way of escape. Leaving his mother under the protection of his most trusted slaves, he decided to go into the edge of the surrounding woods and try to find some route by which they could flee.

Taking his hunting rifle and giving hurried last minute instructions to those he was leaving at the house, the youth made for the woods at a run. After penetrating the first concealing thickets, James realized how desperate his situation really was. To his left he saw a rosy glow through the tangled woods. The forest was afire! All about him was the din of the raging battle. From time to time he caught fleeting glimpses of struggling soldiers. It was impossible to determine which army had the advantage, or to find any means of escape through the line of battle.

The flank movement of Lee and Longstreet had thoroughly dismembered the Federal line of attack and the soldiers, separated from their companies, were fighting helter-skelter through the undergrowth. Uniforms were so ragged from thorns and brush that it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. Death and destruction lurked everywhere!

James Richards crouched low behind a huge oak trying to decide what was best to do. Minnie balls whined near him, cutting down small saplings like wheat before a scythe. From time to time cannon balls would crash into forest monarchs, splintering their trunks.

James was overwhelmed by the utter hopelessness of escape. His mind became feverish. His clammy hands clutched his rifle. He decided it was best to make a break for the clearing and take a chance on reaching the house. But this Wilderness was not the Wilderness he used to know. It had suddenly changed into a Wilderness of twisted trees swept by a shower of lead and iron.

As the bewildered youth stood there beside a battle-scarred tree, it seemed as if a nest of leaden hornets broke around his head. Three Yankees sprang upon him. The blue-coated soldiers swept past, leaving a bayonet-pierced body lying in the leaves.

\* \* \* \* \*

## "The Missile"

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Days later two Federal soldiers, members of a burial party, came upon the body of James Richards.

"Look at this poor young 'un," one of them sighed.

"Yeah, that Johnny Reb was too young for this awful business," his partner replied with a grimace.

And so James Richards was buried in a soldier's grave . . . . the gypsy's prophecy had come true.

■. ■.

## Autumn Leaves

By William Skalak

The leaves are turning  
From green to gold;  
The frost is changing  
The new to old.

The nuts are falling  
To ground to rest;  
The birds are leaving  
Their homely nest.

They change their dress  
As if to say:  
There will be a dance  
And the wind will play.



# Dinner Bells

By Clinton Faison



ALL the musical sounds that modern man has created, there is none, in my opinion, to rival that melodious tinkling of the dinner bell. Nothing could produce a more pleasing sensation over the whole body than to hear those magic chimes when one is hungry.

During the course of events one day I was invited by one of my best friends to dine at his home that night. Having no other plans, I gratefully accepted and promised to come early that we might have a little while to chat before the dinner.

Promptly at quarter past six I arrived at his home. He greeted me cordially and led me to one of the more luxuriously furnished rooms of the home. Soon we were engaged in a lengthy conversation with no thought of dinner . . . that is, my host had no thought of it, for I was practically starved, and not to think of eating would be doing the impossible.

The subject of the conversation will forever remain a mystery to me, for I was busily engaged in listening for those beautiful chimes announcing that dinner was ready.

Quarter to seven came, but it did not bring the musical notes with it. However, I assured myself that it couldn't be very much longer and entered again upon the conversation.

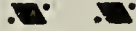
The clock struck seven so suddenly that at first I thought it was the long awaited signal, but alas, soon enough I realized that it was only the clock. Being accustomed to eat at six-thirty, I noticed a slight gnawing pain in the region of my stomach. I wondered if this was the first sign of starvation. Not having read much on that subject, I was afraid that it was.

My host chatted merrily along as I began to squirm in my seat. I turned this way and that way, but no relief came to that infernal ache. My stomach's demand for food grew louder and suddenly there came forth a funny, peculiar noise that resembled a dog growling! Panic arose in my breast. Had my host heard? He showed no signs of it and I relaxed.

Time, conversation, and hunger continued as the clock struck seven-thirty. I began to wonder if my host had asked me to make a visit or to dine with him. Having assured myself that I had been invited to dinner, I awaited more patiently the sound of the chimes. Would they never come?

## "The Missile"

At last there came forth such a sweet, melodious tinkling of bells as only an artist or a hungry person could fully appreciate. Never was a sound more pleasing to the human ear. I listened intently until the last note had died and faded into the distance. I was filled with the utmost pleasure. Had St. Peter given me permission to enter the pearly gates, I could have been no more pleased and delighted. I entered the dining-room knowing that forever and ever dinner bells would be the most pleasing sounds to me.



## The Fire

By Dorothy Moore

Before a busy fire,  
On a winter night;  
I hear the sighing speech  
Of the fire sprite.

Sometimes he talks with vim,  
And cackles with glee;  
He snaps his fingers sharp,  
And grins at me.

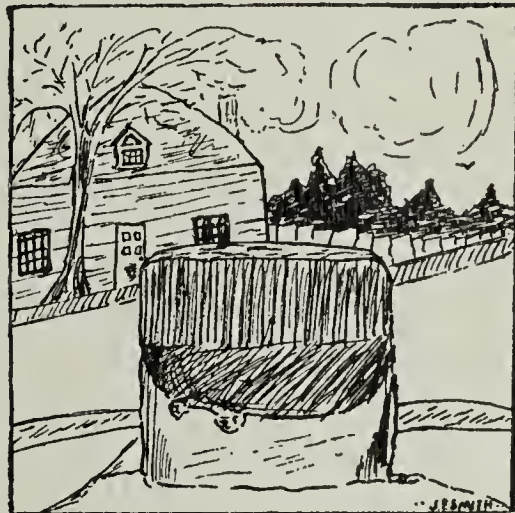
He dances over the coals,  
And whispers too,  
As though I understood  
That his tales were true.



# Fredericksburg Oddities

By Maurine Parham

“**U**NDER THE spreading chestnut tree” stands the estate of Betty Washington. These chestnuts happen to be the common horse chestnuts and this particular tree was planted by none other than George Washington, along with twelve more, one for each of the thirteen colonies. Today only this one stately tree remains as a beautiful relic of this deed.



\* \* \* \* \*

On one of Fredericksburg's busiest corners where life goes on its busy, unhampered fashion stands a small white stone block, a grim reminder of days when all were not so unhampered and many were busier. This stone was once a slave block where blacks were auctioned to the highest bidder and taken home and put to work. Today perhaps, the black finds it a good place to sit down and rest his weary being.

\* \* \* \* \*

The locks upon the doors of the old historic places, especially Kenmore, except for their beauty certainly look like prison locks. They are exceedingly larger, many times more so than the modern home lock, and the keys alone weight not less than a pound. Also the hinges on the windows and doors are very odd. There are the butterfly hinges used largely for the blinds on the windows. These resemble greatly a butterfly in flight. Then there are the "Holy Lord" hinges which are shaped like a large printed H and L joined together. These, along with the "Holy" hinges shaped like the big H were used throughout Kenmore on the doors.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the back yard of Monroe's office there is a large flat stone resting beneath the branches of a knarled, half open tree. This

## "The Missile"

stone was brought to this place from Monroe's home. Under careful scrutiny one can see the footprints of a prehistoric monster. Many scientists have viewed these prints and all agree to the authenticity of these prints.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the bloody battle of Fredericksburg in 1863 the Federal dead were piled in trenches and buried en masse. After the war the government gave a contract to an undertaker to exhume these men and bury them in separate graves in the National Cemetery. He was to receive a certain amount for each man he re-buried. So the wise old bird set to work and divided the bones of each man into two, thereby having twice as many men to bury and making twice as much money. However, he was caught up with, and while we know someone else got his contract, we do not know just what the wise bird got.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hugh Mercer's Apothecary Shop must be mentioned here because of its oddness if for no other reason. From the dusty windows one can see the outlines of various and sundry jars around the ancient room. Perhaps in those very jars Hugh concocted medicines for the Washingtons. The dingy old shop really gets one in a Colonial mood with its quaintness and peculiar atmosphere.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a grave to an arm outside of Fredericksburg. On the grounds of the Lacy House, not to be confused with Chatham which is also called the Lacy House, is buried the amputated arm of "Stonewall" Jackson.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the many bloody encounters that formed part of the Wilderness campaign was fought at "Bloody Angle" in Spotsylvania County. At this particular point the fighting was so thick and so fierce that rifle bullets cut down a tree twenty-two inches in diameter and piled up dead men forty deep in places!

\* \* \* \* \*

Practically every Saturday afternoon at tea time back in the old kitchen at Kenmore an old "darky" sat before the huge fireplace and made tea. At the quaint table sat invited guests partaking of the tea and perhaps cookies. And so today even,



this quaint custom still lives, although the first servers of tea  
at Kenmore are all gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Quite a fixture in each bedroom of these historic homes is  
a brass piece, shaped much like a pop-corn popper. This is known  
as a bedwarmer and was used by the colonial ladies to warm  
their beds on cold winter nights. Live coals were gotten from  
the exceedingly large fireplace and placed in this contraption,  
and the easily warmed brass was placed upon the bed.

~\*~ ~\*~

## In Merry Vein

### A Villanelle of Sorrows

By Virginia Halloway

I have to write a villanelle;  
Its poetry I suppose you know,  
And it is hard to do so well.

But when I'm through, I think I'll swell  
With pride, and then I'll puff and blow.  
I have to write a villanelle.

It seems to be my parting knell,  
For my mind is blank, you know,  
And it is hard to do so well

To write this poem, this villanelle,  
And get the rhymes right in a row.  
I have to write a villanelle.

And so to keep from padded cell,  
Slowly, but surely I must go,  
And it is hard to do so well.

To write the finish and ring the bell  
And leave my teacher all aglow,  
I have to write a villanelle;  
And it is hard to do so well.

## What of Nature ?

By Louis Farber

The spooky hoot of an owl,  
Whose foolish booty is caught,  
The eerie, piping tree-toad,  
Screeching and trilling for naught,  
The flimsy lazy mosquito,  
Escaping from havoc he's wrought,  
The rolling mumbling croaking  
Of a frog whom I had sought.  
These sounds I heard, though nary a  
word  
Of a lesson I learned that nature taught.

The snap of autumn leaves,  
Rustling on narrow lanes,  
The squish of muddy boots,  
Through mush of autumn rains,  
The gurgle of gushing streams,  
Rushing from mount to plains,  
The whistling wh-o-o of winds,  
Whizzing as speed it attains.  
These sounds I heard, though nary a  
word  
Of a lesson I learned that nature explains.

## Latin vs. Me

By Dorothy Moore

Oh what shall I do today?  
A foolish question that,  
For Latin plays the game  
With Virgil at the bat.

One strike; the game is on.  
Poor player though I seem,  
My hope remains until  
Aeneas leads the team.

The game is tough today,  
And gloomy are the signs.  
At last the game is won:  
I've conquered twenty lines.



## Ballade on the Creation of Verse

By Eleanor White

(Apologies to Andrew Lang)

My talk began mid tears and sighs,  
Groping as one confused and blind,  
Struggling like one who vainly tries  
To pen the phantoms of his mind.  
My pen was slow, my thoughts unkind,  
I sought, and knew not what I sought.  
Out of chaos I hope to find:  
Verse is more pleasing than I thought.

In vain I sought the trees and skies  
For some good thought quite well defined;  
Striving my lines to harmonize,  
My feeble efforts far behind.  
My brow will be with wrinkles lined;  
My brain grow numb, my nerves be taut,  
Ere this be done. I am resigned:  
Verse is more pleasing than I thought.

When all but hope within me dies,  
'Tis then my thoughts seem to unwind.  
And suddenly to my surprise  
These lines of verse I really find.  
Gone are the woes of humankind;  
These are moments with pleasure fraught.  
I laugh as now I look behind:  
Verse is more pleasing than I thought.

### *L'envoi*

Oh task of mine, with faults entwined,  
May not my efforts come to naught;  
Unknown how fate may be inclined,  
Verse is more pleasing than I thought.

# "The Missile"

## A Thrill

By Virginia Becker

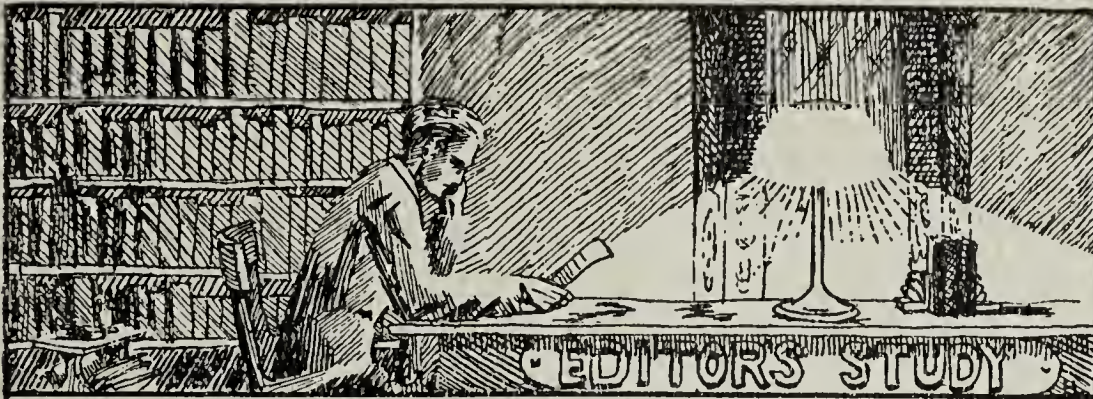
I was excited on that night  
When first he asked me for a date,  
To me he was a handsome sight,  
And how I thought that I did rate.

I thought I heard the click of the gate,  
But I decided it was my fright;  
I was excited on that night  
When first he asked me for a date.

He said my eyes did sparkle bright,  
And a pretty picture I'd create,  
And to my surprise out went the light;  
I was excited on that night  
When first he asked me for a date.  
I wondered what would be my fate.







## An Answer



INTO the halls of P. H. S. has come an accusation, one which causes any loyal student of P. H. S. to rise up and shout defiance at the accusers and challenge them, even dare them to prove one word of their accusation. With this accusation there comes a hint of cheating, unsportsmanship and direct disregard for the word of our principal and our coach. In short, P. H. S. has been accused of going around the countryside and enticing prospective all-state football men to enter our school by kindly offers of heaven knows what inducements.

Undoubtedly the recent successes of the "Crimson Wave" have aroused the demon jealousy in the hearts of some of our opponents to such an extent that they stoop so as to accuse our school and principal of such a thing.

Time and time again the rumors have come to us, and every time we have ignored them, but the time has come when we must defend ourselves against them.

Not only have we been accused of getting our players unfairly but also of allowing them to play whether they are eligible or not.

Recently Mr. Wolff, principal of P. H. S., received a letter just before an important football engagement in which an official of the Virginia Literary and Athletic Association stated that he had been asked by another member of the board whether three men on the "Crimson Wave" had played in 1931. He refused to give the name of the suspicious gentleman, saying only



## "The Missile"

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that he had informed him that he was sure those three players were eligible but that he would write to P. H. S. to make certain.

We are sure this suspicious member of the Association knows Mr. Wolff must sign a statement of the eligibility of each member of the squad, and simply because three members of the 1931 squad have names similar to members of the present squad he should not be tempted to doubt Mr. Wolff's word.

Continually rumors and accusations like this come to us from other schools within the state, but especially within the Tidewater region. It is amusing to note that the two schools nearest to us, John Marshall and Thomas Jefferson High Schools, who have more chances to see "things" as well as to hear them, have never found reason to question or to talk about the eligibility of our players.

Because of these rumors and accusations mentioned above "The Missile" staff has compiled a table of statistics which should prove beyond a doubt the eligibility of each player on the squad. In this table we prove that most of the players were born right here in Petersburg and, what is more, attended school here all of their school days. In order that this table may be clear these facts must be understood: first, most of the children living in Colonial Heights and Ettrick, which are just across the river from Petersburg, attend high school in Petersburg because of lack of high school facilities there; second, Chesterfield, Prince George and Dinwiddie counties pay tuition to the high school here for their students; third, the only other high schools available to students from Colonial Heights, Ettrick and the counties are Chester and Dinwiddie Courthouse, which are some distance from these students; fourth, A. P. Hill, R. E. Lee, Jackson, Stuart and D. M. Brown are grammar schools of Petersburg; fifth, the number of years each member of the squad played before the 1935 season is given; and sixth, all of the facts contained in this table are authentic since they have been procured from the school records.

We sincerely hope that our friendly relations with other high schools of the state will not be broken by the silly accusations based entirely on nothing and started perhaps by natural trouble makers. It would be well for the officials of other schools to seek out these accusers before they do more harm than they intend.

Following is the table of facts:



## RECORD OF PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

Name	Age	Born	Years Played Before	Grammar School	Entered Petersburg System	Residence
Richard Boisseau	19	Petersburg	2	D. M. Brown	1st Grade	Petersburg
Alfred Moss	19	Petersburg	3	Jackson	1st Grade	Petersburg
Bernard Nugent	19	Ettrick	2	Ettrick	8th Grade	Ettrick
Woodrow Nelson	19	Parmelee, N. C.	2	D. M. Brown	5th Grade	Petersburg
Rufus Mitchell	18	Emporia, Va.	1	Jackson	2nd Grade	Petersburg
Hoy Marable	17	Petersburg	2	D. M. Brown	2nd Grade	Petersburg
William Evelyn	16	Col. Heights	0	A. P. Hill	3rd Grade	Petersburg
Harry Hartman	17	Bristol, Va.	0	D. M. Brown	5th Grade	Petersburg
Lucas McLeod	19	Camden, S. C.	1	Stony Creek	2nd H. S.	Petersburg
Gerald Andrews	18	Petersburg	2	Jackson	1st Grade	Petersburg
Joseph Whelan	20	Ettrick	2	Ettrick	8th Grade	Ettrick
Charles Angel	18	Petersburg	1	Col. Heights	8th Grade	Col. Heights
Aubrey Gill	18	Matoaca	1	R. E. Lee	1st Grade	Ettrick
William DiNubila	19	Middletown, N. Y.	1	D. M. Brown	1st Grade	Petersburg
Charles Davis	19	Petersburg	2	D. M. Brown	1st Grade	Petersburg
Edward Ayers	18	Petersburg	0	R. E. Lee	1st Grade	Petersburg
Harry Woody	19	Petersburg	1	D. M. Brown	1st Grade	Petersburg
Alton Belcher	16	Petersburg	0	D. M. Brown	1st Grade	Petersburg
Simmons Trueheart	18	Petersburg	1	Hill and Lee	1st Grade	Petersburg
Venable Johnson	18	Petersburg	1	D. M. Brown	1st Grade	Petersburg
Dennis Robertson	16	Petersburg	1	R. E. Lee	1st Grade	Petersburg
Dennis Cogle	15	Petersburg	0	D. M. Brown	1st Grade	Petersburg
Robert Gill	15	Ettrick	0	Lee-Ettrick	4th Grade	Ettrick
William Traylor	17	Petersburg	0	R. E. Lee	1st Grade	Petersburg
Thomas Robertson	18	Petersburg	0	R. E. Lee	1st Grade	Petersburg
Joseph Harris	20	Petersburg	2	R. E. Lee	1st Grade	Petersburg
Leon Alexander	16	Petersburg	0	D. M. Brown	1st Grade	Petersburg
Leslie Franck	17	Richmond	1	Col. Heights	6th Grade	Col. Heights
Alvin Goulder	17	Petersburg	0	Kenilworth	7th Grade	Petersburg
John Carmine	16	Petersburg	0	D. M. Brown	1st Grade	Petersburg
Eugene Kidd	14	Petersburg	0	A. P. Hill	1st Grade	Petersburg
Lester Mann	16	Ettrick	0	Ettrick	8th Grade	Ettrick
Lewis Marks, Jr.	18	Ettrick	0	Ettrick	8th Grade	Ettrick
Edward Marshall	16	Petersburg	0	R. E. Lee	1st Grade	Petersburg
Jimmy Matthews	16	Hampton	0	Armstrong	8th Grade	Petersburg
Ben Moody	17	Petersburg	1	Stuart	8th Grade	Din. County
Franklin Poole	17	Stony Creek	1	Ettrick	8th Grade	Ettrick
Carlton Slate	17	Petersburg	0	D. M. Brown	1st Grade	Col. Heights
William Radcliffe	17	Petersburg	0	Jackson	1st Grade	Petersburg
Jack Rogers	17	Petersburg	0	R. E. Lee	1st Grade	Petersburg
Gordon Walker	17	Winston-Sal., N. C.	0	D. M. Brown	1st Grade	Petersburg
Louis Wellford	17	Petersburg	0	Brown-Hill	1st Grade	Petersburg

## Our Theme

Similar to the January, 1935, issue of "The Missile" is this current number featuring Fredericksburg, its restoration and historic buildings.

We feel that we could have chosen no better place than this old city for our subject as it contains some of the most famous homes and buildings in the country, such as Kenmore, the home of Betty Washington Lewis, the only home in America of John Paul Jones, the homes of Mary Washington, Matthew Fontaine Maury, and others.

As before, the editor, his staff, and two members of the art staff took a trip to this city so as to get the best information possible for our magazine.

Those who aided us in our search for this information and to whom we are deeply indebted for their kindness and generosity are: Mr. Branch Spalding, head of the National Park Service; Messrs. Sutton Jett and O. F. Northington, guides; Mrs. C. D. Montague, custodian of Kenmore; Mrs. Winfrey Smith, caretaker of Mary Washington's home; and Mrs. Cary Gray, caretaker of the Monroe Shrine.

The teachers of our school again have assigned short stories and poems on the colonial history of Virginia so that this publication may be almost entirely devoted to the history of Fredericksburg and Virginia.

—R. W.



## The School Colors Again

There appeared in the November issue of the "Missile" of last term an editorial calling to the attention of the student body the fact that although our school colors are maroon and black, we are consistently using crimson and black and referring to our teams as the "Crimson Wave." This editorial suggested that we either change, officially, our colors to the crimson and black or discontinue the use of crimson in place of maroon.



No action whatsoever has been taken toward carrying out this suggestion, undoubtedly because no one has taken the initiative. We feel that it was and is up to the Student Council to act upon this, for it is no minor question and as far as we know is perhaps the biggest question that has confronted us in years.

But before the Student Council considers this it should consider the following facts.


At present we are using four entirely different color combinations in the Petersburg High School. Officially we use the maroon and black; for decoration and in our football uniforms we use the crimson and black; in cheer-leaders' sweaters and basketball uniforms we use the crimson and white; and for monograms we use the maroon and white. Certainly, as far as we know, we use more colors than any other high school or college. It is also certain that we must agree on a definite color combination for our school.

It would be simplest to change our colors from maroon and black to crimson and black by which we are known throughout the state, but none of us will deny that the red and black is certainly a dead color combination. Black cannot be used successfully anywhere, not even on the monograms. Which also suggests that the monograms must be changed from maroon to crimson. So we can readily see that a change of this kind has several bad points.

Should we keep the maroon and black? Here again comes the question of losing the name of "Crimson Wave." These colors also are dead and are hard to combine beautifully.

In the crimson and white we find a plausible solution. Here we lose the deadness of black, and besides red and white always look good together. It would not necessitate a large change, for, as we have pointed out above, this combination is now used within our school. White helmets for the football team or something similar would just about make crimson and white a regular part of the school. Nevertheless, we may hear objections that over at Thomas Jefferson High School in Richmond they have adopted these colors. But certainly it is impossible not to duplicate some other school's colors when choosing our own! Still another objection would be the change necessitated in the school song by such a color change. In the lines "make way for the red and black of Petersburg" an entire rewording will have to be made. This to us is the chief objection to crimson and white, but songs have been changed and new songs have been written.

## "The Missile"



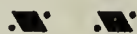
As for maroon and white we pass it by except to say it is different; but here again we lose the "Crimson Wave."

So in summing things up we feel that if a change is to be made . . . and a change must be made . . . crimson and white seem the most logical, though to us who have been here some time the maroon and black have meant a good deal. We acknowledge that they're not the most beautiful colors that can be found, but somehow it would seem strange with them gone.

We suggest, however, that the council, in whatever manner councils act, prepare a ballot with the four color combinations thereon and present it to the student body so that they can vote. This should be done at once.

If the council acts, as we believe it will, we beg that the students consider the matter carefully before voting, for what you vote for will become, perhaps forever, the colors of Petersburg High School.

—L. R. F.



## Wormwood

The "Missile" staff deeply regrets to announce that one of the short stories in the December issue, "Ben Haddon's Guest", was not original work. Needless to say, the editors were ignorant of this fact at the time of publication. We are deeply humiliated, but we trust that this statement will be sufficient to prove our innocence in the matter.



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